

ODE
FOR THE
CONSORT
AT
YORK-BUILDINGS,
Upon the DEATH
Of Mr. Henry Purcell.
18. Dec. 1695.

I.
WE EEP, all ye Muses, weep o'er *Damon's* Herse,
And pay the grateful Honours of your Verse;
Each Mournful Strain in softest Accents dress,
His Praises, and your Sorrows to express.
Ye Sons of Art, lament your Learned Chief
With all the Skill and Harmony of Grief:
To *Damon's* Herse your Tuneful Tribute bring,
Who taught each Note to speak, and ev'ry Muse to Sing.

*1st Accom-
paniment.*

II.

Flat Trumpet.

*Sharp
Trumpet.*

Flat Trumpet.

Hark! How the Warlike Trumpet groans!
The Warlike Trumpet sadly moans,
Instructed once by *Damon's* Art
To warm the Active Souldier's Heart,
To soften Danger, sweeten Care,
And smooth the rugged Toils of War,
Now with Shrill Grief, and Melancholy Strains
Of *Damon's* Death, and *Albion's* Loss complains.

The

2d Accom-
panyment.

The sprightly *Hautbois*, and gay *Violin*
By *Damon* taught to Charm the listning Ear,
To fill the Ecchoing Theatre,
And with rich Melody to adorn each Scene,
Forget their Native Chearfulness,
Their wonted Air, and Vigour to express,
And in Dead doleful Sounds a Tuneless Grief confess.

Hautbois
and *Violin*.

Chorus.

Weep, all ye *Muses*, weep o'er *Damon's* *Herse*,
And pay the grateful *Honours* of your *Verses*.

3d Accom-
panyment.

III.

Flute and
Theorbo.

Mark how the Melancholy *Flute*,
Joyns in sad Confort with the amorous *Lute*,
Lamenting *Damon's* hapless Fate:
From him they learn'd to tell the Lover's Care,
With soft Complaints to move the cruel Fair,
To calm her Anger, and to change her Hate.

4th Accom-
panyment.

Organ.

The various *Organ* taught by *Damon's* Hand
A Nobler Passion to Command,
The roving Fancy to refine,
And raise the ravish'd Soul with Charms Divine,
Now in deep Sighs employs its Tuneful Breath,
And bid each secret Sound Conspire
To mourn its Darling *Damon's* Death,
And with consenting Grief to form one num'rous Choir.

Chorus.

Weep, all ye *Muses*, weep o'er *Damon's* *Herse*,
And pay the grateful *Honours* of your *Verses*.

IV.

Cease, cease, ye Sons of Art, forbear
To aggravate your sad Despair!
Cease to lament your Learned Chief
With fruitless Skill, and hopeless Grief:
For sure, if Mortals here below
Ought of Diviner Beings know,
Damon's large Mind informs some active Sphere,
And circles in Melodious Raptures there,
Mixt with his Fellow Choristers above
In the bright Orbs of Harmony and Love.

Grand Cho-
rus.

Cease, cease, ye Sons of Art, &c.

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